

Technical Director, Yaakov Dar Folkways Records FW 8552

THE SOUNDS OF JERUSALEM

Produced, Edited and Narrated by Yehuda Lev

Cover design by Ronald Clyne



DS
109
L48
1959
c.1

MUSIC LP

University of Alberta Library



0 1620 0506 6152

THE SOUNDS OF JERUSALEM

FOLKWAYS RECORDS FW 8552

EARLY MORNING IN JERUSALEM
T'fillah, Muezzin Call, Church Bells,
Newsboys, Set-up Exercise.

SOMETHING OF HER HISTORY Tourist Guide,
Hassidic Chant, Dead Sea Scrolls.

THE CHILDREN OF JERUSALEM
School, Counting, Skip Rope,
Choosing, Parents Call.

THE USE OF HEBREW
Train Announcements, Old Man, Child, Iceman,
Newsboy, Bus, Market, Children, Porters, Poetry.

JERUSALEM, THE RELIGIOUS CENTER
Hymn, Church Bells, Shofar, Simchat Torah,
Circumcision, Wedding Dance, Funeral Chant.

THE COMMUNITIES OF JERUSALEM
Yiddish, Persian, Kurdistan, Story Teller,
Israel Songs; Night Sounds: Muezzin Call,
Bells.

© 1957 FOLKWAYS RECORDS & SERVICE CORP.
632 Broadway, NYC, USA 10012

DESCRIPTIVE NOTES ARE INSIDE POCKET

FOLKWAYS RECORDS FW 8552

FOLKWAYS RECORDS Album # FW8552
Copyright © 1959, Folkways Records & Service Corp.,
117 West 46th St., NYC, USA.



the sounds of jerusalem

Produced, edited and narrated by YEHUDA LEV
Technical director - YAAKOV DAR

THE SOUNDS OF JERUSALEM

About a year ago a friend in the States sent me a copy of Tony Schwartz' recording "New York 19", which provoked both in myself (from New York) and in my wife (from Chicago) the expected and understandable degree of nostalgia. What was unexpected was a suggestion from my wife - "Why don't you do something similar with Jerusalem?"

A couple of evenings later while sitting in a nearby apartment with friends, I asked for ideas of sounds that might be included in such a recording. After listing more than 50, I began to realize that the idea was feasible and sent off a letter to Moe Asch at Folkways asking if he would be interested in such a recording and if he had any ideas for its organization. Back came an answer full of encouragement and the suggestion that it be in the form of a single day in the life of the city.

Allowing for some adjustments, this in general is what has been done. I have included as well, material on holidays and folklore and considerably more narration than did Tony Schwartz. This last is for two reasons - first, the city is not as familiar to listeners as is New York and second, because most of the basic material is in Hebrew and requires more explanation than the self evident recordings in New York.

I should say - we have included. Even though I have lived in Jerusalem for four years and work as a program director, news editor and announcer for Kol Israel, our Israel Broadcasting Service, it became clear to me from the beginning that I neither knew enough about the city in which I have made my home or the technical problems involved in recording, to do the work alone. So I asked Yaakov Dar, a young engineer at Kol Israel, who was born and has lived all his life in Israel, to join me in producing this record. Yaakov at that time was a student of physics at the Hebrew University in Jerusalem (he is now doing graduate work in nuclear physics at the Weizmann Institute of Science at Rehovoth) but for the next seven months both of us neglected our work and our wives shamefully while we gave birth to our mutual production. (Our wives meanwhile were doing some producing on their own. The week before we put the final seal on the finished tape, Yaakov's wife Miriam gave birth to a girl and several weeks later my wife, Idell, presented me with a boy. There is a possibility therefore, that in 20 years or so, the cooperation that we began with the Sounds of Jerusalem may be sealed in a more permanent form.)

There were two rules that we decided to follow from the very beginning. Unfortunately the city of Jerusalem is divided in half, part belonging to Israel, part to Jordan. There was no possible way in which we could go to the Jordan side of the city and so all of our material has been recorded in Israel. But Jerusalem, while of great significance as a political factor in the Middle East, is primarily important to mankind because of its religious and historical meaning. So we have eliminated all political references and divisions and presented it as an organic whole, which, despite the current sad state of affairs, it remains in the minds of those people throughout

the world to whom it exists as a symbol and who regard it, as it was regarded in ancient times, as the "navel of the Universe".

Secondly, we determined that nothing should sound as though it was taken from a sound effects library. This has meant a loss of quality in many instances and has weakened the recording from a technical standpoint but has insured the authenticity of the material which, to us, has been the first consideration.

Just a moment for credits - We are indebted to Kol Israel and to many individual people on the staff for making facilities available to us, and especially so for permitting us the use of studio time for the final assembly of the tape.

We give a low bow of thanks to Mr. Amram Zur of the Israel Government Tourist Corporation in Jerusalem whose practical assistance in authorizing a Corporation loan to cover our expenses enabled our wives to continue eating for four, and who never once succumbed to the temptation to ask us what we were including for his money. And finally our sincerest thanks go to the many friends who sat and listened to tapes by the hour and who offered suggestions and criticism while receiving in return only a cup of coffee and a piece of cake for their time and interest.

And now here are some notes on the recording itself.



SIDE I, Band 1: EARLY MORNING IN JERUSALEM

The Arab muezzin gave us the most trouble of anything we recorded. We had to wait for an east wind so that the sound would carry from the Old City (Jordan). We recorded him eight separate times at four in the morning before finally catching him from a balcony of the King David Hotel which overlooks the walls of the Old City.

The newsboys had to be severely edited to eliminate the frequent curses, all of which were in Arabic, since Hebrew doesn't lend itself well to cursing. The only newspaper name that remained clear after the blue language was cut out was Kol Ha'am, the Communist paper. For some reason, no one was cursing at the time.



SIDE I, Band 2: SOMETHING OF HER HISTORY

The tourist guide, an Arab, was standing on the tower of the YMCA, describing the view of the Old City. This is the closest we could get to the Old City itself.

The crowd singing was recorded on the streets of Jerusalem - the fact that there is an instrument accompanying them shows that it could not have been recorded inside a synagogue because in Israel, services where all synagogues are Orthodox, music is not permitted.

SIDE I, Band 3: THE CHILDREN OF JERUSALEM

The school recordings were made in a public school right near my home. The child counting from one to ten has a Polish accent, the child counting down is a native born Israeli.

The children skipping rope were come upon by Yaakov quite by accident as he was carrying a Magnemite portable recorder home on a afternoon. (All of the outdoor sounds were recorded on the Magnemite, most of the indoor ones on an Ampex 600.) The rhyme being recited by the children playing hide and seek is a nonsense rhyme (for those listeners who know Hebrew and are trying to figure out what they are saying) and means nothing. The children choosing sides for a basketball game (a very popular sport in Jerusalem) are using a system good only for odd number groups in which two are eliminated at each choosing, leaving one left. It is an involved process for choosing sides but seems to keep everyone satisfied.

The mother calling her child in to lunch (the child answers that she wants to continue playing) was recorded in the yard in back of



our home. My wife says that this is the sound of Jerusalem she hears most often and she is busily learning the words against the day when our offspring will also reach the outdoor playing stage.

SIDE I, Band 4: THE USE OF HEBREW

The parrot, who I am sure is the only Hebrew speaking parrot in the world, greets visitors to the Jerusalem Biblical Zoo.

The old man is 85 and he is saying - "I'll tell you a story that I heard from my father, which he heard from his father, which he heard from his father. . ."

The older child is showing the younger one a doll and teaching him the words "boy" (yeled) and "girl" (yaldah). This is the only instance of nepotism on the recording - the younger child is Yaakov's nephew.

The criers in the market place knew they were being recorded but the old man bargaining (a Yemenite) was unaware of it.

The two children fighting are the same two as above - and the doll they are fighting over is the same. One is saying, "That belongs to Hamudi" and the other is crying, presumably in Hebrew.

Recording the two porters was a stroke of luck. We were riding in a taxi en route to trying once again to record the muezzin when we heard them on the street just as we had set up the Magnemite. We followed along behind them and held the microphone out of the taxi window. One was complaining that he works harder than a donkey and the other took his job from him.



The poem is by the great Hebrew poet, Saul Tcherniakovsky and the girl who read did a free translation on the spot.

SIDE II, Band 1: JERUSALEM, THE RELIGIOUS CENTER

The Baptist preacher calling out the hymn number is the Reverend James Smith, pastor of the Jerusalem Baptist congregation, who comes originally from Atlanta, Georgia. The hymn is a familiar one to Protestants - "What a Friend We Have in Jesus."

The excerpts from the Catholic and Protestant Christmas services were taken from recordings made on Christmas Eve by Kol Israel, over which both services are broadcast every year.

The Shofar sounding was recorded in a Sephardic synagogue as was the calling to the Torah on Simchat Torah.

The circumcision brings to mind another debt. I have lost the name of the father of the child. If he hears this recording, my apologies. I promised him a copy of the tape and never delivered.

The Yemenite wedding and the Bokharian funeral chant were recorded by Kol Israel. We

decided to use these because the recordings were far better and just as authentic as anything we could have done on our own.

SIDE II, Band 2: THE COMMUNITIES OF JERUSALEM

The Yiddish song is a traditional one among the Hassidim of Eastern Europe.

The story teller talks mostly in Hebrew with some Arabic phrases interjected. He says: "I am hoarse, but for you, until half of the kingdom". (Nothing is too good.) "We were 76 fighters from the Old City and we fell in the hands of the Arab Legion. For three months we suffered an untold suffering. Blows without end. Good blows. You are laughing but I am weeping. Why blows? Because I was the chief mortarist.

There was one man, Abu Aka - a general. . . "

The reference is to the fighting in Jerusalem during the Arab Israel war of 1948.

The singing was recorded in a private apartment at a party to which we were invited. The songs were just two of dozens we sang that night. Jerusalem, being a small town with small town characteristics, for all its history, offers little in the way of entertainment and so most of the recreation one enjoys is self made. So the social life of the city is built around parties such as this one.

That's it. I hope you enjoy the final product and that some day you will be able to drop in and pay us a visit. We'll be glad to take you around and even treat you to a cup of Jerusalem coffee. But you'll have to be quiet around the house. One of the new sounds of Jerusalem is sleeping in our bedroom right now and we like to keep him that way.

Shalom.

Yehuda Lev
Shikun Amidar 28/6
Bet Mazmil, Jerusalem
Israel

WORKING SCRIPT

THE SOUNDS OF JERUSALEM

NARRATION

Band 1:

It's three o'clock in the morning in the Holy City of Jerusalem.

A man walks along the street of the prophets, an hour before sunrise. He turns left at St. Pauls way and crosses into the street of the hundred gates, a street just wide enough for one car to pass another. But at this time of morning there are no cars on the streets of Jerusalem. Finally he comes to a door and knocks.

T'fillah - the call to prayer. For three thousand years, ever since King David captured the fortress of Zion from the Jebusites, the Jews of Jerusalem have been summoned to morning prayer in this way.

The man moves on. There's an entire congregation to be roused before the sun rises.

In a small stone building in Jerusalem's Old City, a man rises and goes forth into the streets. He passes the wailing wall, the remains of the temple of King Solomon, enters into the Mosque of Omar, and climbs a circular staircase. One hundred steps up he comes out onto a minaret and begins his cry. There is no God but Aallah and Mohammed is his Prophet.

The Muezzin calls the Moslem faithful to prayer before the sun rises on the Holy City of Jerusalem.

A third man has risen this morning in Jerusalem. He too climbs a staircase into a tower and he too wakens the faithful. His bellropes summon the Christians of Jerusalem to worship in the churches of the Holy City.

The morning sun rises over the mountains of Moab and the Dead Sea. It brings light to an awakening city, a quiet city at first.

The sweeper pushes his broom along the street. For a few minutes the sound reigns over the city of Jerusalem. Then it's joined by another.

The steel store front shutters are rolled up. as the first breakfast cafes open for business. Jerusalem is waking up slowly. And then -

The newsboys swarm into the center of Jerusalem. The truck has arrived with the morning papers from Tel Aviv.

If that doesn't wake the citizens of Jerusalem, this certainly does.

It will help you not at all to keep your radio turned off. The sound from a dozen neighboring radios will bring you the open-

ing broadcast of the day from Kol Israel, the Israel Broadcasting Station. And every one will recognize the cheerful voice of the exercise man.

Awake, Awake. Stand up ye people of Jerusalem.

END OF Band 1.

Band 2:

Jerusalem, thou are builded as a city that is compact together. So wrote the Psalmist David. And truly, where in all the world can a tourist guide put so much history into a few phrases.

The church of the Holy Sepulchre, the Dome of the Rock, the wailing wall. There are stones in Jerusalem that were hewn for the temple of Solomon and used for that of Herod, and later for the castles of the Crusaders and they rest today in the walls of an Arab mosque. And who know's what their history was before the coming of David. Jerusalem was two thousand years old before David first saw the stronghold of Zion.

Five thousand years since Jerusalem was founded, three thousand since it became the capital of the first Jewish commonwealth, and nineteen hundred years since the temple of the second Jewish commonwealth was destroyed by the Roman emperor Titus. But today join a Sabbath night gathering of the black cloacked, fur hatted orthodox Hassidic Jews of Eastern Europe, crowded into their Jerusalem quarter of Mea Shearim. He shall rebuild the Holy Temple, sing the Hassidim. For what are nineteen centuries of dispersion to a people who reckon time in terms of eternity?

And perhaps in Jerusalem one must think in terms of long periods of time. It was not many years ago that the thoughts of people of two thousand years back returned to Jerusalem in the form of some crumbling scrolls of parchment.

A young American archeologist, translator of the thoughts of two millenia ago, stands in a basement room on the campus of the Hebrew University of Jerusalem and talks to visitors, who have come to see the seven Dead Sea Scrolls that have returned to Jerusalem.

Jerusalem. This is the city where Christ walked the Via Dolorosa carrying his burden. The city from which Mohammed was brought into heaven by the angel Gabriel, making it, after Mecca and Medina, the third holiest city in the Moslem world. The city in which the Jewish people attained their greatest heights and suffered their most severe defeats. This is a city built on seven hills, 2,500 feet above sea level, a city made of stone whose strongest walls have always fallen before its conquerors but whose most magnificent contribution to mankind has never been challenged - a contribution that is a concept - a concept repeated by the children of Jerusalem every morning before they begin their day's schooling.

Here O Israel, the Lord our God, the Lord is one.

Band 3:

The visitor to a school in Jerusalem is greeted by this ear splitting welcome - Heveinu shalom sleichem - we bring peace to you. This is Kittah Aleph, the first grade, and the subject for the morning is arithmetic. Counting from one to ten is pretty simple, but getting back to one again - well, that's something else.

Upstairs Kittah Vav, the sixth grade, is making its first acquaintance with the mysteries of the English language.

In recess time the skip ropes come out. Shirley Temple jumps like this, Shirley Temple sucks her finger like this, Shirley Temple kisses like this, Shirley Temple jumps out like this.

The male sex is engaged meanwhile, in the more serious pursuit of deciding whose going to be "it" for a game of hide and seek.

Or perhaps sides must be chosen for a basketball game.

At the end of the morning children are reunited with their parents, although this generally requires considerable persuasion. There's a short period just before lunch when this is Jerusalem's most characteristic sound.

NARRATION

Band 4:

The new city of Jerusalem is home to 150,000 people. Not all of them spend their days in study and prayer, nor do they sit by the hour contemplating her long history. Most of them are far too busy working, enjoying themselves, and living their lives like people elsewhere. They speak a language regarded by some as sacred, because the Bible was written in this tongue. And Hebrew, for many generations, was allowed to sleep unmolested by secular needs. But there came a time finally, when, in the rebuilding of Jerusalem, her varied people needed a single tongue in which to express themselves. After all, in how many languages need a man speak before he is understood?

So they finally settled on one.

Today you can hear the Hebrew language in the staccato bark of the drill sergeant. It probably sounded much like this to the soldiers of David.

You can hear it in the voice of a girl teaching her parrot how to say Good Morning, and of course, in the voice of the parrot.

You can hear it in the voice of an old man reminiscing about the past.

And in the voice of a child, learning his first words.

A street is a good place in which to listen to the sound of people's voices. The word Kerach means ice, and here the iceman cometh.

And in the center of Jerusalem the newsboys sell the afternoon papers, "Maariv" and "Yedioth".

Jerusalem's silver and blue busses make their rounds to the continual plea of the conductor to "please move forward".

In Mahane Yehuda, one of the older quarters of Jerusalem, the streets are crowded with buyers and sellers. This is the Jerusalem marketplace.

Perhaps we should have a brief Hebrew lesson at this point. Shloshim vhamesh is 35, a lira is an Israel pound, that's currency, not weight, a kilo is a kilogram, and "ani lo mucher", I'm not selling, the eternal cry of the bargainer, but of course after the proper amount of haggling, he always does.

The visitor to the marketplace may find all this somewhat confusing, but every so often he'll hear a familiar word and discover a food on sale for which he can ask and be reasonably sure of being understood.

For 55 piasters you can eat your fill of bananas.

The people of Jerusalem carry on their private lives in Hebrew. Two children fighting for a toy.

And two porters fighting for a job.

And of course people fall in love in Hebrew as well, and poets write their poems in the language of the Song of Songs.

SIDE II, Band 1:

NARRATION

And now let us sing hymn number 79.

In a pretty little stone church on Henrietta Szold street, the Baptists meet every week for their service. The scene might be the same in any Baptist church throughout the world, the simple setting, the list of events for the week, the large bible placed before the minister, and the hymn. There are two differences. This hymn is sung in Hebrew, and the church is in Jerusalem.

Let no man say that Jerusalem has been forgotten by those who turn to her for spiritual inspiration. The city is ringed with houses of worship. Alongside the Old City stands Mount Zion, that same which David captured, and it is the center of religious veneration by all three faiths which call Jerusalem sacred. Here is the legendary tomb of King David, here one of the oldest of Jerusalem's mosques, and here the room of the Last Supper. The Mount is dominated by the Benedictine Abbey of the Dormition for this hill is also the site from which Mary was taken up into heaven. And on Christmas Eve the bell of the Dormition Abbey calls out to Catholics everywhere to come on pilgrimage to the Holy City and to join in the Christmas Mass.

Half a mile away stands the building of the Jerusalem Y M C A and here on Christmas Eve

the Protestant community gathers to worship. Over their heads from the Y tower, the tallest building in Jerusalem, the bells ring out the familiar Christmas carols.

If the sound of bells symbolizes the observance of Christian holidays in Jerusalem, the blowing of the Shofar, or rams horn, does the same for the Jewish Holy Days. On the Jewish High Holy Days the streets of the New City of Jerusalem are deserted. No cars run, no noise shatters the peace of the city. But inside the more than 400 synagogues of the New City crowds of worshippers come to settle their accounts with the Almighty and to pray for forgiveness for their sins. Then the dominating sound of the Holy City is the awesome one of the blowing of the shofar.

But there are Jewish holidays where solemnity plays a secondary role to gaiety.

Jews are called to read from the Torah, the first five books of the Bible, on every Sabbath, but on one day in particular during the year the call to the Torah has a special flavor of its own. That's on Simchat Torah, the day of the rejoicing of the Law when the years reading of the Torah is completed and is begun again from the beginning. On Simchat Torah Jerusalem becomes festive. Long lines of synagogue members snake dance through the streets of the city and meet together in the evening for a mass celebration. Each congregation has its own variations of the mode of observance depending on the background of its members. The Jews of Baghdad, descendants of those who went to Babylonia at the time of the destruction of the first Temple have a favorite song that they sing. Let us praise the Lord who gave us this holiday.

The joy and sadness of Jerusalem are reflected in the holidays of her people and in the major events of their private lives. A child is born in Jerusalem. Eight days later the family gathers on the grounds of the Hadassah hospital to attend a ceremony that will bring this child into a covenant with the Almighty. As it is written in the book of Genesis - This is my covenant which ye shall keep between me and you and they seed after thee, every male among you shall be circumcised.

And then the father recites the Shecheyanu, the prayer of thanksgiving that he has lived to see this day.

A man is born, grows to adulthood, and marries. In Jerusalem he marries according to the procedure of his religion. But the celebration that takes place when the formal ceremony ends differs with every community. In the families of the Jews from Yemen it is customary to continue singing and dancing for hours, with occasional high pitched shrieks from the women-folk. Its doubtful if, in the Holy City, there would be any evil spirits, but it never hurts to play safe and drive them away if they should just happen to be around.

A man is born, marries, and dies.

In the Musrara quarter of Jerusalem a man has died. His brother mourns for him using a chant learned in his native home of Kurdistan.

And as death is a part of the life of the city, this too becomes one of the sounds of Jerusalem.

NARRATION

Band 2:

For nineteen hundred years of dispersion, the Jewish people sang the 137th psalm. By the rivers of Babylon, there we sat down, yea we wept when we remembered Zion. If I forget thee O Jerusalem, let my right hand forget her cunning. Let my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth if I remember thee not, if I set not Jerusalem above my chiefest joy. For the past years the dispersed Jewish communities have been returning to the Holy Land. Today a walk down Jerusalem's Jaffa Road resembles a kaleidoscopic picture of worlds that used to be. The delicate features and the embroidered clothing of the Jews of Southern Arabia, the broad, powerful shoulders of the Jews of Salonika, the black eyed, beautiful Jewish women from Bukhara, and the bearded, Yiddish speaking Jews of Eastern Europe. All of these have returned to Jerusalem and they weep no more by the rivers of Babylon. But with them they've brought much of the culture of the lands in which they sojourned, brought them back to become a part of the sounds of Jerusalem.

In a small cafe in the Musrara quarter of Jerusalem, a girl sings a love song. The girl, the cafe's customers, and the song come from Persia.

A few streets away a family is making music.

They don't come from Scotland, though you could be excused for thinking so at first. This is a family from Kurdistan, one playing a long reed-like instrument, another the Tof Miriam, or Miriam drum, made of goatskin stretched across a clay jar. You can hear this music in your mind long after you've left the neighborhood.

There is music too in the speech of people, especially when they tell a story. The oriental teller of tales has been a star in the entertainment world of the East for as long as man can remember. He sits cross legged in the center of a circle of listeners, sipping Turkish coffee and telling them stories that they've heard a thousand times before, in fact, they often know the tale better than he. But no one quite matches the story teller for the inflection, the expression, the sense of timing that lifts his tale out of the ordinary and into the realm of real fantasy. Jerusalem too has her tellers of tales. Here's one such telling a modern tale of war but in the traditional manner. Even if you don't understand the words the sense of a timeless and an artistic performance still remain.

The youth of Jerusalem make their own music and the best time to hear them do this is during the evening hours. Then, around campfires in the Valley of the Cross or along the hill of Givat Ram where the Hebrew University now stands, or in private apartments, the youth of Jerusalem gather together to sing their songs, the new songs of Jerusalem.

In the early hours of the evening the parties are large, the songs more popular ones. For example, the Taste of Manna, a love song of sorts. You are like the taste of Manna, indescribably wonderful. It's a pretty safe way to describe a young lady since no one living on the earth today has ever tasted Manna.

And then the party begins to break up. Only the few remain to whom the music is the important part of the evening.

The accordion, the drum and the castanets are joined by a soloist. The song, the drum of Miriam, as sung by the youth of Jerusalem.

Night comes to Jerusalem and the city goes to sleep early, almost before the muezzin has time to render the last of his five daily calls to prayer. He keeps watch on his minaret, outlined against the silhouette of Jerusalem, the Mount of Olives, Mount Scopus, the Dome of the Rock, the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, David's Tower.

Buildings that are more than just buildings, hills with a history like none others on earth.

Across the Valley of Hinnom sound the bells of the Dormition Abbey. They ring quietly at night, not enough to disturb the sleep of the people of Jerusalem but enough to let the wakeful know that they watch over the cities ancient glories and guard her prerogatives jealously.

Through the streets of the city a man walks. He too keeps watch over Jerusalem, for was it not written: Pray for the peace of Jerusalem, may they prosper that love thee. Peace be within thy walls and prosperity within thy palaces. For my brethren and companions sakes, I will now say Peace be within thee. For the sake of the house of the Lord our God, I will seek thy good.

This man has walked a long way, but at last he has come home.